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THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA—THE WHITE NILE.

Among the most interesting regions of Eastern Africa are those which border on the White Nile, one of those mysterious streams whose source has as yet slept in obscurity, but which cannot long escape the keen eyes of daring explorers. Zeal for trade has kindled the curiosity of many adventurers, who have exposed themselves to a thousand dangers from the united love of gain and distinction. But of all motives to open Africa to the observation of civilized men, the missionary spirit has proved most daring and determined. It has moved its possessor to encounter all obstacles, and make the greatest sacrifices. It has had in view the sublimest object, and worthily pursued it.

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MEMORANDUM OF A JOURNEY FROM KHARTUM BY THE WHITE NILE, BAHR EL GAZAL, AND IN THE INTERIOR OF CENTRAL AFRICA, During the years 1857 *and* 1858.

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Preparatory to laying before you an extract of my Journal on an excursion from Khartum to the Equator during the years 1857 and 1858, permit me to explain that my object in visiting countries and tribes hitherto unknown, was for trade; but at the same time with the determination to break new ground, and, however humble my means, to endeavor to add to our knowledge of the Centre of Africa.

The White Nile had already been navigated by D'Arnaud, Brun-Rollet, Vaudez, and my friends De Malzac and Don Ignacio Knoblecher, beyond Belignan, to a series of cataracts as far as 3° 30′ N. lat. These rapids unfortunately present an impassable barrier to sailing boats; as during the increase of the Nile, when favorable

northerly winds prevail, they are too shallow for navigation, while on the other hand, during the inundation, when the draught of water is sufficiently deep to allow a boat to float over the obstacles in the bed of the river, the wind blows invariably from the south, and therefore nothing but a steam-boat could attempt the ascent.

Unfortunately for private enterprise, the introduction of steam-boats, even for so worthy an object as scientific purposes, is strictly prohibited by the Viceroy.

I might here mention that Vaudez, while occupied in endeavoring to form an expedition from the neighborhood of Belignan eastward into the interior, was, with sixteen of his followers, all Arabs from Khartum, suddenly attacked by the negroes of the Bari tribe, and all were brutally slaughtered.

The extracts which I have the honor to read to you have been taken from the journal of my expedition in the years 1857 and 1858; but lest they might mislead some into the idea that excursions so far into that terra incognita of Central Africa may be performed with a small sacrifice of time, allow me to state that the greater part of the distance achieved has been the result of five successive journeys, during an equal number of years, some of the principal difficulties and events of which I will, in the course of my narrative, introduce to your notice.

My first expedition, in the year 1853, reached only to the extreme confines of the lake Bahr el Gazal, of which I had been the first navigator; but owing to the rank cowardice of my men, who, on seeing a strong hostile party of negroes prepared to oppose my landing, refused to proceed, I was in consequence obliged to make an immediate return to the White River and Khartum, under feelings, to say the best, far short of complimentary to Arab boatman, Arab soldiers, and Arabs of every other denomination, but with a full determination to try it again.

The subsequent year, by having an increased armed force distributed in two boats, I not only effected a landing, but proceeded into the interior of the country, from the extreme navigable point of the lake, and formed an establishment among the Djour tribe, by leaving twenty-five men there.

Each succeeding year, by an increase of men in my employ, and establishing new posts or halting-places, I have succeeded in reaching a country which, according to my rough calculations, I believe to be near the equator, at Mundo in the Runga or Niam-Nam tribe, said by themselves, as also by neighboring tribes, to be cannibals; of which, however, I have had no ocular proof.

Not having had the advantage of instruments to determine latitudes by observation, I have been confined to the use of a compass, and the rough calculation of the days' journeys performed.

According to the great speed with which the negroes in these parts are accustomed to travel, and reckoning an ordinary day's journey to be eight hours' march at 3½ miles per hour, it will amount to 28 miles per day, and deducting one-third for deviation from a straight line, will reduce a day's journey to 19 miles.

Extract from Journal.

KHARTUM, *Dec. 27th*, 1857.—After long preparations at Khartum, I embarked at 4 P. M. in a large "dahabyeh" with three latine sails, a crew of twenty sailors, forty armed Arabs as a guard, and three dinkas, or liberated slaves, as interpreters; another boat with ten sailors and twenty armed men, had preceded me as early as October, which I expected to find at the point of debarkation.

Dec. 28th.—Passed Gotaena, a small village on the east bank, where, by irrigation with the ordinary Egyptian water-wheel, called sakyeh, a little land is cultivated during the winter months only by the Arab population, assisted by slave labor, the produce of which is wheat.

Dec. 29th.—We arrived at Wallad Shellai at about 9 A. M. The country, with the exception of two islands on which wheat is cultivated, is on both sides generally sandy. In some places, stretching up into the interior, the soil is argillaceous, and consequently richer, supporting large herds of cattle, goats, and sheep, belonging to the Hassanyeh, a tribe of nomade Arabs inhabiting both sides of the river. The Hassanyeh, in stature and beauty, particularly the females, are superior to any other Arab tribe with which I have met. Their habits are certainly most peculiar, for they consider the marriage tie binding but for four days in every week, namely, from Monday to Thursday inclusive, while during the remaining three, both husband and wife are independent of each other, and "sans reproche."

Dec. 30th.—A group of mountains of volcanic origin, Jebel Araschkol, west of the river, and some six miles distant, was in our rear, as also Dabassi, one of the last of a group of cultivated islands appertaining to the Egyptian dependencies. At sunset we were at Eleis, a small village on the eastern bank, and the last of the Egyptian settlements on the White River, being about $13\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ N. latitude.

Dec. 31st.—The country on both sides uninhabited; the soil gravelly and poor, but the banks well studded with trees of the mimosa tribe.

Jan. 1st, 1858.—Both banks still continue thickly wooded with very fine mimosa, the soil rich. In the afternoon passed between islands also magnificently wooded, all with the same kind of tree as described; among which the common small blue monkey abounded. One of these islands was inhabited by a few Shilluk fishermen.

Jan. 2d, 3d, and 4th.—No settled habitations on either side of the river. The Dinka negro tribe inhabit the interior, east of the river, and in summer only, when the water is scarce, approach the river with their herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

The Selaem Bagara nomade Arab tribes inhabit, during the summer months, the western side of the river, and obtain a livelihood from the proceeds of their large herds of cattle, elephant-hunting, and by pillaging the Dinka negro tribe, carrying off their children into slavery, whom they sell to the neighboring hill-tribes to the west, and to the Arab tribes bordering on Kordofan.

Jan. 5th.—At 7 A. M. arrived at Kaka, a large village of the Shilluks, about half a mile from the western bank. There is a good market here, well attended by the Selaem Arabs, who bring yarn and a coarse cloth for sale. The negroes offer bullocks, sheep, goats, fowls, excellent capons, maize, millet, cotton, sezame, ground-nuts, &c., in exchange for glass beads, which the Arab women

will also readily accept for milk, butter, eggs, &c. Very neat small colored mats are likewise manufactured and sold by the negroes, who, while bartering with us, were kept in order by some of the officials of the king, whose residence is at Daenab, a few miles south of this.

The Shilluks compose one of the largest tribes bordering on the river; their territory extending nearly two degrees southward, and fully as far north, although in the latter direction they have no permanent settlement.

The Dinka tribe, their deadly enemy, occupies the eastern Nile bank, but are exclusively nomadic in their habits. Not so the Shilluks, who inhabit large villages, wherein their well made conical huts of reeds are crowded close together, and present from the river a picturesque appearance. Their language is a vernacular, common to both of these tribes. The Shilluks are the best governed of any tribe I have seen. Their king exercises a strict authority over them, and inflicts severe punishments for offences. He does not go abroad, and when approached in his hut, it must be on their knees, as no person dares stand erect in his presence. He is addressed through his officials in attendance, and his answers are also conveyed through them.

Both the Shilluk and Dinka tribe extract the lower front teeth from children of both sexes, when at the ages of eight or nine, but circumcision is not practised.

I have never been able to learn that either of the tribes entertained any definite idea upon the subject of religion. The only individual at all resembling a priest is the rain-maker, who is supposed to enjoy supernatural powers. He is only applied to in times of extreme drought, and so little is he respected that, if he fails to produce the desired rain, he is ill-treated, beaten, and in danger of his life, which he is fortunate in preserving by concealment in the bush until after a heavy fall of rain.

Having purchased a few sheep, fowls, eggs, &c., at 10 A. M. we were again under sail, and in the evening were passing the large island of Daenab. The western side of the river is thickly inhabited, village after village appearing in quick succession, and, in many instances, but five minutes' walk apparently between them. Among these villages is that of Gova, under which, at 4 P. M., we made fast, when, long before we approached the shore, the chief, Dood, with a crowd of aborigines, men, women, and children, was waiting to receive me.

I had employed Dood to purchase ivory for me on several occasions during the intervals of my expeditions, and had always found him a good friend and trustworthy. On this occasion he was more than usually glad to see me, and, finding that his labors in my behalf had been crowned with more than ordinary success, I intimated to him, that if he would come down quietly the next morning, with his sons only in attendance upon him, I would make him a suitable present, and add a trifle to each of his sons; but that just then I could not do so, on account of the great number of attendants and idlers in his company, all of whom would expect to participate more or less in the gifts he would receive.

Jan. 7th.—Before sunrise Dood, with a crowd of men and striplings behind him, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, were sitting on the bank of the river, at a short distance from the boat, waiting my appearance on deck; upon which a rush was made at me, with cries of "the Benj, the Benj," (the chief, the chief,) and salutations too numerous to mention. As soon as the vociferations had subsided, Dood, disembarrassing his mouth

with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco, the size of a small orange, seated himself near me on the deck, and motioned me condescendingly to a seat beside him. On inquiry what he meant by bringing with him so many men, most of whom I had never recollected to have before seen, he answered, "True, you have not yet seen the whole of my family; but, owing to your having promised to give each of my sons something on quitting you last evening, I sent to the Kraals; and here before you are all my fighting sons;" and, with the pride of a father, told me that he could depend upon them in any emergency, as his neighbors on the opposite side of the river, the Dinka, could certify. Although knowing something of negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find that his valiant progeny amounted to forty fine grown up young men and hearty striplings. Upon congratulating him, "Yes," he replied, "I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity." "What!" I exclaimed, "more little boys! and how many girls?—what may be the number of your wives and family?" "Well," said he, "I have divorced a good many wives; they get old, you know; I have only now ten and five, making fifteen!" But when he came to count the number of his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reed, which, breaking up into small pieces, he said, "I never take notice of babies, as they may die in the rearing; women are so foolish about children, and I never care for them until they are able to lay a snare and take care of themselves." Then, as a negro cannot count beyond ten, be began calling over a string of names; and when he arrived at the end of his arithmetic, placed a piece of reed on the deck before him, recommencing another piece of reed, equivalent to a second ten, and so on, until he had counted over and marked the whole of the males; after which he dotted down the female members of his happy family; the sum total of which, leaving out babies and children unable to care for themselves, according to our numerics, amounted to fifty-three boys and twenty girls, which on inquiry I found to be correct. Having been afterwards favored with an introduction to the ladies, each in a separate batch of huts, I had a farther opportunity of complimenting this still sturdy chief on the beauty of his youthful wives, and also on the graduated scale of the various proofs of their affection towards him. Having spent a very pleasant day with my friend at Gova, I got sail on the dahabyeh before sunset, and passed on through a level country agreeably interspersed with trees. The bifurcated palm and another kind of tall palm, called by the Arabs "delaeb," are frequent, as also is the "heglig;" the mimosa on the other hand is becoming rare.

At 7 P. M. passed the mouth of the Sobat, where it is about 100 yards wide, and has been navigated for a distance of perhaps 200 miles, when it is found to divide itself into three branches: the principal one, still navigable, coming from the northeast, is supposed to have its source in the Galla country; the other two branches, the one flowing from the east and the other from the southeast, are only navigable during the inundations, and supposed to have their origin among the Bari, a dark-brown, well-made race, fond of ornament and of something resembling clothing.

At 10 P. M. we passed another branch of the Nile, flowing from the southeast, scarcely half the size of the Sobat, called the Giraffe River. This also navigable stream drains the eastern Nile bank, and in every sense of the word is a branch of the White River, from which it detaches itself in the territory of the Bir tribe, at 5° N. lat. The large island between it and the White River

is covered with thick bush, and is a favorite resort for herds of elephants. White antelopes, buffaloes, giraffes, and rhinoceri, afford an occasional diversion from the more exhilarating sport—at least to an ivory trader—of elephant-shooting; and even at night, when sleep would be a relief, excitement is not wanting to drive off a few disgusting hyænas, or sometimes a lion or lioness with her overgrown cubs, which, in spite of watch-fires, will not unfrequently intrude upon the precincts of the hunter's privacy, when often a louder roar than one would think necessary, or at least agreeable, will, in spite of themselves, operate instanter upon less experienced followers, and, without reflection, bring them with a start to their feet.

Jan. 7th and 8th.—We continued steering west, with a little northing, say from 5° to 10°, until, at 11 A. M., we arrived at a large basin, the White Nile flowing into it from the south, while we steered out of it west by 40° north. We now entered the channel of the lake, called the Bahr el Gazal, by which its surplus waters are discharged into the Nile. The current out of the lake into the White River I estimated at about a quarter of a mile per hour, the width of the channel being about 40 yards, and the depth 15 to 20 feet.

Soon after entering it, a large sheet of water overgrown with reeds, apparently dead water, is visible, stretching to the south and west, divided by a narrow tongue of land running between it and the channel we navigate, along its northern bank, which, as far as the eye can reach, is low, covered with coarse grass, and apparently uninhabited.

Jan. 9th.—At 9 A. M., two villages belonging to a very warlike tribe of negroes, the "Nouaer," on the northern bank, are the only habitations visible. This tribe inhabits also the eastern Nile bank, to a considerable extent into the interior, and carries on warfare among the neighboring Dinka tribes, taking off their cattle and children, and spreading devastation wherever they penetrate; they are also famous elephant-hunters.

The men of this tribe plait their hair Arab fashion, and plaster it over with a thick coat of potter's clay, which at a distance gives them the appearance of wearing helmets.

Jan. 10th.—In many places the surface of the water is covered with beautiful white lilies, of large dimensions, and beneath is a plant displaying a fine network resembling moss, the fibres of which are long and delicately interwoven, plainly visible to a considerable depth, owing to the great clearness of the water.

At sunset we were entering on an immense expanse of water, for the most part covered with reeds, about 2½ feet above the surface, and bending with the wind, among which appeared at different points open pieces of water. This lake is the accumulation of numberless rivulets and streams, the largest of which, flowing from the southwest, is in itself a considerable river, and were it not for the density of the high and strong reeds, completely blocking up its connexion with the lake, it would be navigable for a very considerable distance into the interior.

The Bahr el Gazal may truly be called the home of the balinaeceps and hippopotami; in such great numbers do the latter occasionally appear with their heads above the water, that one would think a passage through them impossible; and so fierce are they, that on more than one occasion I had literally to fight my way through them; even attempts at boarding were made, which only a liberal distribution of ball, discharged into their open gullets, could effectually prevent. As may be supposed, the sport was great, although

the amount bagged was not as much as might be anticipated, owing to a desire of losing as little time as possible; one or two carcases supplied the crews of my boats with soups, steaks, &c., though perhaps not exactly "à la mode."

Jan. 11th.—Continued navigating a wide open channel in the reeds against the slight current. Some clusters of trees are visible northwards, but whether on an island or on shore we could not distinguish.

Jan. 12th.—At noon, view low land westward, and, in the afternoon, we are sailing up a channel a mile across, with low land on either side, where the current is stronger than heretofore.

Jan. 13th.—At 10 A. M., after following the channel above described, and winding about almost from north to south, the water again expands both east and west; but south we are approaching land, and at 11 A. M. make fast our boats at the island of Kyt, which is about two miles long, and half a mile wide, and separated from the shore by a channel of about 60 yards in width. Having now sailed five days and nights since leaving the Nile, I consider to have made good 300 miles, at the average of 60 miles per day; but owing to the tortuous course of the navigation, I should deduct three-eighths for windings, which would place the navigable extremity of this lake about 180 miles from its connexion with the White River. The width I am not prepared to judge so correctly, but am inclined to think it not to exceed one-third of that extent in its widest part.

With the means at my disposal it would be presumptuous to be positive about latitudes, but from the notes of my boat's steering, and a rough guess at distances, taking for granted D'Arnaud's statement that the mouth of the Bahr el Gazal is in 9° 17″ N., I believe the island of Kyt to be about 8° N. latitude.

Jan. 14th.—In company with the boat that I had sent in advance, my dahabyeh being, from former visits, well known to the natives, a large number of them came down from the interior for the purpose of conducting me to my station at the Djour, when I appointed the 17th as the day when I should require them. My sailors, glad to have ended their voyage, cleared the decks and kept up dancing to the sound of the tarbouka, and clapping their hands to the measure, until a late hour; the donation of a few bottles of arrack greatly increased the general conviviality.

Jan. 17th.—Made a start at 8 A. M., with 52 negroes as porters, of the Raik tribe, in whose territory we were, carrying glass beads, provisions in baskets, and my personal baggage on their heads, and 38 of my own men, exclusive of two Dinka interpreters, all well armed with muskets or fowling pieces.

At 11 A. M. halted at the village of Con-Quel-a-Ken (stationary or fixed,) near a pool of stagnant water, which, the day being hot, both Arab and negro appeared to enjoy.

Having refreshed ourselves under the shade of some large sycamore trees, we broke up at 3 P. M., and at sunset arrived at Moi Chin (give it me in my hand,) in which village we were well received by the inhabitants, who, in exchange for small black and white beads, called *akoitsh*, readily supplied us with maize, fire-wood, water, mats, and straw to sleep upon.

The chief, or Benj, and some of the elders, expressed the pleasure they felt at again seeing me, by spitting on the palm of my right hand, and in my face, which compliment, to their great satisfaction, I returned with interest. At an early hour, the watch-fires being lit, and guards set, the greater part of my men were soon fast asleep.

Jan. 18*th.*—Before sunrise we were continuing our journey, and after a march of 4½ hours, halted at the extremity of the straggling village of Agoig (rich, nourishing.) The country through which we passed was a dense wood of sycamore, tamarinds, heglig, and tullach, the latter the only tree bearing thorns, which are nearly two inches long; cacti also abound, upon which superior cochineal exist. At 3 P. M. we were again *en route*, and, half-an-hour after sunset, arrived at the village of Affoock, but it being dark, the natives, according to custom, had retired to their huts, and would have nothing to do with us, so that my wearied men had no refreshment.

Jan. 19*th.*—Having a long march before us, we broke up half-an-hour before sunrise, and after six hours' hard walking, which knocked up some of the Khartumers, arrived at the principal village of the Awan tribe, called Faqualit, (the place where the man died of thirst.) The country well wooded with the same kinds of trees as before, the grass coarse, and standing from two to three feet high. The day was hot, and the men being fatigued, I bought them a fine bullock, for nine pigeon-egg beads, for their dinner, whilst I dined on a Guinea fowl that my pot-hunter had shot.

Jan. 20*th.*—Refreshed by our afternoon's halt, we made an early start, and arrived at the very straggling village of Ackweng, belonging to the Ajack tribe, where, reclining under some fine sycamore trees, which afforded good shade near the wells, we were soon, for cowry-shells and glass-beads, supplied with sufficient provision for a hearty meal.

We continued our march at the usual hour, and at sunset were quartered, as was our wont, in the open air, in the last of the Ajack settlements, the village of Ogum.

Jan. 21*st.*—The sun found us marching through the bush, and four hours later we were entering Auel-chi, (the ground covered with milk,) belonging to the Neanglau. Here two negroes, Courjouck and Anoin, who had the previous year accompanied me voluntarily to Khartum, left me to rejoin their friends, who presented me with ground-nuts, and a couple of goats, for my kindness to their relatives.

We remained with these hospitable people until 3 P. M., and at 5 crossed a small stream, about 20 yards wide and 3 feet deep—one of the tributaries of the lake—flowing north.

During the last hour several groups of negroes were hanging about inquisitively, at some distance from our line of march, apparently with a desire to approach, but of which they seemed to doubt the prudence, notwithstanding that I made signs to them and occasionally halted to encourage them to advance.

At length, a tall man, wearing a large ivory armlet above his right elbow, whom I well knew, nick-named by my men "Abu-Aag," (the father of the bracelet,) as one of the foremost men of the tribe, both in hunt and fight, having come within talking distance, raising high his club, invited us to bivouac near his village, and that before dusk both he and his brother would come and welcome me, provided the Benj, (myself,) would promise a friendly reception. I then approached him, carrying my rifle as a walking-stick, until he beckoned me to stop, and I promised him, his brother, and the whole tribe if he liked, a safe and cordial interview, but that I had nothing to offer them to "cham cham" (eat;) upon which, waving his club as a token of assent, he retired. Continuing our route, a little before sunset we bivouacked near some deserted cattle

kraals, within sight of the village of Angoin, the chief of the Neanglau or Bustard tribe.

We soon made ourselves comfortable, with watch-fires lit, and sentinels on duty. My men were bandying jokes about my order to light the cooking-fires, in the face of there being nothing to cook; while, in the full enjoyment of tobacco, on my carpet at a convenient distance, I could not but admire the ready wit of my ever-willing followers, as they returned out of the thick bush with loads of wood.

I was not deceived in my hopes of a supper; some half-grown and unclad sable maidens, ornamented with beads of a variety of colors tastefully strung, and worn round their necks, waists, and ankles, charily seemed to wait for an invitation before approaching too near; I went to meet them, and seeing they had fresh milk and flour, brought them to the bivouac, and consigned them to the caterer, who had, according to custom, invitingly displayed on a dressed antelope-hide, his varieties of the so highly prized beads and cowry-shells.

My pretty guests had no sooner concluded a rather hasty barter than they retired, laughing heartily at having done us out of costly ornaments for such common-place things as milk and flour; when a still larger party of matrons, and their full-grown daughters, the former for love of gain, the latter with greater desire for ornament than dress, of which they exhibited the greatest possible independence, encouraged by the success of their young friends, who had been sent in advance to reconnoitre, now made their appearance with larger quantities of provender of various descriptions, which my sharpest men greeted with hearty welcome.

This tribe, having raised among their neighbors and themselves fully 6,000 men, fought me last year, and as I had no proof of what their intentions might now be towards me, all was not "couleur de rose." One-half of my men, apparently thoughtless of treachery, were lying in careless positions with their arms, while the remainder of the Khartumers were feeding bonfires, hewing wood, and performing the manifold services connected with the culinary department. The Raik, porter-negroes, squatted round the watch-fires, and although an occasional shrill laugh was heard, they unmistakably expected the promised visit of the chief and his renowned brother, but whether it would go off peaceably, or we were to repel an attack, I rather felt than heard asked, and responded to in whispers.

A distant whistle was now heard, which was responded to by the departure of all the women, even of those who had still articles unsold; and in two minutes the loud hum and merry laugh gave way to silence. After a short suspense a strange voice called for Abdullah, an invaluable old negro interpreter of my party, and asked leave to approach, which, on being complied with, the chief and his brother stepped from out of the surrounding darkness into the light of our watch-fires, followed by a score or so of men leading a bullock. I rose and led him to a seat near my couch, which, however, he rather evaded, casting a searching look all round; when reassured, and invited by Abu-Aag's easy manner, they seated themselves in a semi-circle before me, carefully depositing their clubs and lances on the ground beside them, within easy grasp of each man's right hand.

After an exchange of formal greeting, with perhaps a little more of etiquette than candor, Abu-Aag, in a frank manly way, said, "As a shower is succeeded by sunshine, so does peace follow war. The chief of the mighty Neanglau

having fought you, now offers this bullock as a token of the peace, which he means to propose to the great White Chief when he arrives at his head-quarters among the Djour." My reply, "*Afwal*," (good,) when said with a certain intonation, conveying the meaning of a whole sentence of approbation, charmed both guests and followers, who, in as short a time as it takes to relate it, had the poor bullock struggling under the knife.

Restraint had now been thrown off between my guests and myself, for although they would not join in the meal, the materials for which they had so bountifully supplied, they willingly joined in the general good humor, which a liberal allowance of "*man*," (a thick fluid of uninviting color, but better taste, which may be translated into beer, although in appearance resembling barm,) now began to produce in all parts of the camp; and mixing with the Arabs, several of whom they recognized, partook freely of the muddy beverage, until supper being announced, they withdrew, well pleased with the happy termination to the interview.

Jan. 22d.—We were up and stirring with the sun, having the prospect of a five hours' march before us to reach my station at the Djour. We struck out lustily, following a winding pathway, which soon brought us into thick bush, and led us now and then across highly picturesque glades, studded with fine trees, the "tout ensemble" of which forcibly reminded me of many a noble park at home. Here we disturbed herds of giraffes and antelopes, the former browsing on the young shoots of a species of acacia, while the latter were attracted by some still green blades of grass, protected by the shade of thick bushes from the withering rays of the sun. Decoyed by the prospect of sport so alluring, I succeeded in shooting a giraffe, which my delighted negroes, scorning the operation of skinning, soon reduced into portable pieces for the noonday meal.

The huts of the village still threw their shadows westward as we entered Coetchangia, (where the panther was killed,) in which was my station, where we were received with a volley from my delighted garrison, and shouts of joy from the aborigines, both old and young. Among the first to bespatter me with his endearments was the old chief Akon Dit (Dit, a term of respect, as excellency is prefixed in Europe, and Akon, elephant—the old man having been an intrepid and successful hunter.) So many were the welcomes inflicted upon me by my friends, to whom I had become endeared by the profits of trade, sundry gifts, and the recollection of many a carcase of buffalo and elephant, which had fallen to their lot, the proceeds of my rifle, that I felt myself blinded, and my face streaming from the effects of their kindness, which, however flattering to my vanity, I was but too glad to curtail by a more hasty than dignified retreat into my hut.

The style of dress of the young and unmarried of my lady visitors I have already described; the married ones wear hides of antelope and sheep-skins, two of which are worn attached to the waist; one in front, and the other behind, extending to near the ankles; the edges of the front one are neatly bordered with variously colored beads, while small iron rings and bells of their own manufacture, form the ornaments of that behind.

The tribes through which I have hitherto conducted you from the lake, are strictly pastoral, possessing large herds of cattle, and less numerous flocks of sheep and goats, upon which they mainly depend for support, rather than on agriculture, which, despising as an unmanly occupation, they leave entirely to

the females, and is confined to the cultivation of small quantities of maize or millet, cotton of good staple, ground-nuts, gourds, and yams. Their field is a small patch of ground, in the immediate vicinity of their huts, which, unlike the Shilluks, are placed at considerable distances from those of their neighbors, each group of which appertaining to the same family, are defended by strong and high palisades, for their protection against wild beasts. Their sheep and goats afford them neither wool nor milk, and dependent entirely upon the produce of their cows and the chase for nourishment, sometimes, from a deficiency of grain, many have died of starvation; and frequently while shooting in the bush have I beheld skeletons of children, in twos and threes, who have dropped and died from want while in search of gums or berries to satisfy their hunger.

We have now entered into a latitude, according to my calculation about 8° N., where the tsetse fly abound, and where consequently cattle can no longer exist; therefore the Djour tribe, as well as those in more southern latitudes, are agricultural in their habits.

Iron ore, a rich red oxide, is found here, which the Djour, who are capital smiths, turn to account by the manufacture of lances and hoes, which they exchange with their pastoral neighbors for fat oxen and beads.

The Djour are a small, powerless, and consequently peaceable tribe, who having tasted the profits of their industry—in the manufacture and sale of iron implements of war and husbandry—entered eagerly into the spirit of the ivory trade, and would collect and purchase tusks wherever they heard of them within their reach, to retail to me at a small advantage.

Although my advance thus far may appear from these extracts to have been smooth sailing, yet from the plundering and cut-throat propensities of my present friends—the Dinkas—it has during preceding years called forth all my energy and nerve, not only to make good my footing, but to insure the lives of myself and followers.

While on my first journey into the interior, in the year 1854, I pursued a more westerly route, with thirty-five Arabs, and ninety negro followers of the Raik tribe, as porters; and after having entered the Wajkoing tribe I was placed in as awkward a fix as any man with an ordinary love of excitement could desire.

The savages, during my absence shooting in the bush, had, by dint of hard threats, induced my porter-negroes to abscond, and by their refusal to provide me with substitutes, hoped to compel me to abandon my baggage, which offered a prize far exceeding their hopes of gain by legitimate trade or labor. Disappointed in their expectations, collecting by hundreds, they used threats and menaces, calling us frequently to arms during many a weary day and watchful night. After six weeks of patient and trying endurance, a detachment of my men induced the Waj chief Maween, ever after my staunch friend, to bring one hundred men under their escort to my relief, and conducting me through his own territory, eventually left me with the Djour, among whom I succeeded in engaging porters to return to my boats.

In expectation of concluding a peace with the chiefs of the neighboring tribes, the most formidable of whom was Angoin of the Neanglau, I may as well relate what had led to the rupture between us, as it will serve to throw a light on the slight estimation in which human life is held by these tribes.

My success in the ivory trade had created a jealousy among the mercantile

community at Khartum, and had induced several parties to get up expeditions similar to my own, and to my great annoyance, follow my footsteps, rather than break new and dangerous ground. One of these parties, on two occasions while on the march, had been fallen upon by the negroes and plundered.

In the first instance, added to the loss of their property, eight out of twenty-four of their men had been murdered by the Ajack tribe, a fate which, no doubt, the entire party would have suffered, had it not been for the providential and unexpected arrival of another Arab company in time to extricate them. A few days after this occurrence, and without any knowledge of it, a second and smaller detachment of nine men, in the service of the same person, were sent from their temporary establishment to their boat on the lake, and were all brutally murdered by the Neanglau, at a distance of about 20 miles from my head-quarters.

These facts were for a considerable time kept secret from me, as it was determined, in consequence of the easy prey the last party had proved, to fall upon us, and secure to themselves a more valuable booty. The Djour would not join the neighboring Dinkas, who comprised the entire negro population, composed of six tribes, between me and the lake, and, in order to take a neutral part, decamped during the night, without any warning, from their huts into the bush.

My first object was to afford protection to the unfortunate Arab merchant, the principal of the murdered men, and his ten ill-armed remaining followers, by taking them into my camp, with whom and my own men—at the time but thirteen in number, and these reduced by illness to only six able men—we set about barricading and strengthening our position, where we stood a six weeks' siege.

At last my men, consisting of two detachments of thirty-five each, although among a far distant tribe, the Dôr, heard of my situation, and, joining, came to my relief. I now no longer feared an attack by day or night, which had often been threatened; but a friendly Djour named Pfing, a valued companion in frequent exploits with elephants, under cover of the night, informed me that Meckwen Dit, the chief of the Neanglau, and leader of the tribes, had determined not to expose himself or men to the effect of our fire-arms in the open plain round the village, but to occupy in preference the thick bush, through which we should be obliged to pass on the way to regain our boats.

Having secured the safety of a large quantity of ivory and valuables among my southern friends, the Dôr tribe, the rainy season being at hand I decided, at whatever risk, to commence my return. With the certainty of an attack from vastly superior numbers, in a disadvantageous position, I determined to outmanœuvre my enemy; and knowing the tribes to prize cattle above anything on earth, decided on a counter-attack upon their Kraals, which, in expectation of encountering me on my line of march, I conjectured might possibly be ill-defended.

Starting with sixty of the best armed of my Khartumers, having given Meckwen Dit and his Dinkas in the bush a wide berth during the night, at sunrise on the following morning we were, as I had anticipated, quickly in possession of their Kraals; the few negroes in charge, after a short resistance, abandoned their herds to us. We were yet busy in detaching the cattle from their tethers, with which each was secured by fore and hind legs to pegs in the ground, when the old Neanglau chief, at the head of a large party of negroes,

yelling and flying rather than running, assailed us with volleys of clubs and lances.

The first to drop from the fire of my exasperated followers was Meckwen Dit, the author of the preceding murders, and the zealous advocate for our own destruction; around him fell also several of his bravest warriors, and as impetuous as the onslaught had been was their flight precipitate.

Our booty consisted of a herd of cattle and some sheep, several guns and pistols, which had belonged to the unfortunate Arab victims, and sundry prisoners, whose restoration I looked upon as a means of re-establishing peaceable, if not friendly, relations between us. In this I was not disappointed. The discomfited Dinkas never having contemplated a reprisal by me so mortifying to them as the loss of their cattle, now feared a repetition of a similar attack on other Kraals, to prevent which they engaged the good services of my old Djour chiefs, Akon Dit and Pfing, to negotiate a return to our former peaceful alliance, which by their guarantee I was but too willing to embrace, and thus rid myself of the prisoners, who were all given up, my object in visiting the country being a peaceful one—namely, trade.

The cattle went to reward my friend Maween, the Waj chief, for his assistance in helping me out of my fix among the Wajkoing.

While journeying homeward towards the lake, a few days after the above affair, and proceeding through the Ajack tribe, they, hoping to retrieve their fortunes, while acting in concert with the Neanglau, attacked me, and were again defeated.

Jan. 24th.—The tribes now seemed to deplore with myself the melancholy consequences of their barbarous assaults, and I had this day the pleasure of receiving their chiefs—six in number—accompanied by several heads of neutral tribes, among whom was my old friend of the Waj, to unite in assurances of their peaceful intentions for the future. I am happy to say that, under the conviction of the advantages which peaceful traffic would confer on them, and the futility of opposing their crude weapons to fire-arms, I have ever since enjoyed uninterrupted respect from, and cordiality with, the Dinka tribes.

Jan. 25th.—I broke up, with forty of my own men and fifty Djour negroes, soon after sunrise, and passing into the territories of the Dôr at noon, when we halted an hour, in thick bush, through which the most of our route lay, we, after ten hours' march, arrived in the evening at the village of Djau, so called after the chief.

Finding my journal might extend to impracticable dimensions, I shall curtail it, by merely giving the names of the villages at which we passed the nights whilst traversing the Dôr country southwards.

Henceforth the negroes will not proceed more than one day's journey with me, so that I have to get a new set of porters every morning, and lose all connexion between us and our station and boats

Jan. 26th.—My old friend Djau having prepared our porters, we were early on the road, and during our journey to the frontier of the country, quartered at the following villages, viz:—Kurkur, Maeha, Mura, Umbura, Modocunga, Miha, Nearhe, Gutu, Mungela, Ombelambe, Lungo, and Umbotea, which, after several halts, we reached on the 19th of February, after sixteen days' march. Between Djau and Maeha, six small streams, and near Gutu a large navigable river, are crossed, all flowing from the southeast in a northwesterly direction towards the lake, which they feed.

The country, from the lake up to the Djour, is exceedingly flat, but in the Dôr country it first becomes undulating, where the new red sandstone crops out on the sides of several heights and ravines until near Gutu, Mungela, and Ombelambe, bold red granite mountains, with exceedingly large mica, rise perhaps 2,000 feet above the level of the country.

Generally the country is thick bush, but cleared in the neighborhood of the villages, and in a high state of cultivation.

The Dôr are not so tall as the Dinka tribes generally, but thick-set and strongly made. They speak a totally different language, and their color is dark brown. Unlike the Dinka, they do not extract the front lower teeth, nor do they construct their villages similarly. Their huts are larger, made of bamboo, and nearer to each other, without palisades.

As a general rule, the centre of each village consists of a circle of huts, constructed around the largest tree in the neighborhood, upon which the war-trophies—such as skulls, &c.,—are suspended; underneath is a large tom-tom, formed of the hollowed trunk of a tree, and between it and the huts a large circular space forms the dancing ground.

Their arms consist of bows and arrows, clubs and lances, which both Dôr and Djour, who are excellent smiths, manufacture exceedingly well.

The women perforate the under lip, in which they wear a piece of round wood for ornament. Young girls introduce a piece of wood about the size of a sixpence, whilst full-grown women wear pieces as large as a florin.

Married women, in lieu of aprons, wear bunches of green leaves suspended by a belt to the waist, hung down to the ankles, which latter are ornamented with a solid iron ring, each fully one inch in diameter. Whilst dancing, these rings are struck together, and produce an agreeable sound.

Feb. 23*d.*—After a few days' rest, and some trouble in procuring an interpreter, we traversed a hilly and rather dreary country, and, after a forced march of ten hours, we arrived at Baer, also called the Mundo country. This tribe resemble in color and habits the Djour, from whom perhaps they are descended, as their languages much resemble each other. They are also good smiths.

Occupying a hilly and almost mountainous but narrow strip of country, between two powerful tribes, they are hunted by the Niam-Nam, their southern neighbors, and when taken become their slaves.

Their villages are either on the summits of the hills or at the foot of some rock difficult of access, to which they fly when attacked by the Niam-Nam, whom they say are cannibals.

We remained with this tribe three days, having with difficulty found a dozen men to carry on my beads, baggage, &c.

I should have said that I had left the greater part of my merchandize at Lungo among the Dôr, in order to be less encumbered.

Feb. 24*th.*—At sunrise recommenced our journey, and passing through some fine ravines, gradually came out upon a fine undulating country, in parts beautifully wooded. We halted under the shade of some very large trees, the leaf of which much resembles that of the fig-tree, for an hour at noon, and at 4 P. M. entered the large village called Mundo, in the Runga or Niam-Nam tribe.

It was some time before I could feel comfortable; the sight of my white skin, added to a quantity of cowry-shell and glass beads in my possession, having excited great curiosity, and a strong desire to become possessed of both our

persons and goods, the former, as explained to me through a string of four interpreters, for the purpose of feasting on.

The old chief Dimu with some difficulty managed to persuade the younger men that we might probably be difficult of digestion, being armed with weapons which they had neither seen nor heard; and being told, after having presented the old man with a few beads of different kinds, that they might have beads or cowries in exchange for provisions and elephants' tusks, we were very soon offered every kind of food they possessed, consisting of sweet potatoes, beans of different kinds, ground-nuts, maize, millet, vegetable-butter, dried meats of the antelope and buffalo, and, as a great luxury, the hind-quarters of a dog, unskinned and just killed.

Others ran to the bush in quest of tusks, which for the greater part proved valueless, owing to the length of time they had been exposed to decomposition by fire and rain.

The greater part of the men present, consisting of some hundreds, were slaves, of which the Runga are large proprietors, and entertain them for the purpose of cultivating their lands, hunting, and performing every kind of work; it being considered a sign of poverty for a native Niam-Nam to occupy himself with anything but the chase and war.

The country is well cultivated, and the villages well constructed of bamboo.

The Niam-Nam are of ordinary stature, and a dark-brown color. Their arms consist of spears, a kind of curved sword, and an iron boomerang, two of which they attach to the handle of a large oblong shield, constructed of interwoven and stained reeds of the palm-leaf. Both men and women wear leather sandals, and a kind of cloth, woven from the fibres of the bark of trees, around the loins. The date-palm tree and the banana grow wild. The India-rubber tree, as also the vegetable-butter tree, exist in abundance.

The rains commence in the month of February, and last until the latter end of October.

The territory of this tribe, I was informed, extended ten days' journey south, where a deep and wide river, flowing west, was said to be its frontier.

Having marched twenty-five days from the shore of the lake, at 19 direct miles per day, will amount to 475 miles, which brings me, I imagine, near the Equator.

What with the purchase of several tusks and our daily provisions, my stock of beads had seriously diminished, and I obtained the promise of a score of negroes to conduct me back to Lungo, in the Dôr country, to my depot.

It was not without a sincere promise to return and bring more beads that, at sunrise, I was enabled to leave the hospitable old chief Dimu and my Niam-Nam friends, whose salutations were not so marked as with the Dinkas, but who confined their adieus to an ordinary squeeze of the hand.

Having in due time returned to Lungo, I left twenty-two of my men there, well supplied with articles for carrying on trade with the Dor, Mundo, and Niam-Nam tribes, until my return the following year.

Should they fall short of beads, or from other causes be unable to maintain their position, they were directed to fall back on my principal station at the Djour.

On my way up, having occasionally purchased tusks, and invariably, to save expense of carriage, left them in charge of the chiefs, I necessarily returned through the same villages, and in due course of time arrived, on the 15th of May, at Khartum.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

ANOTHER AFRICAN BOOK.

The Okavango River.

The Okavango River is in Southern Africa. Mr. Charles John Andersson, a Swede, whose account of a journey to Lake Ngami is one of the most interesting of African travel books, was reported, two years ago, to have met a fate by no means strange for an African hunter. It was said that he was impaled by the tusks of an enraged elephant, which he had wounded but not killed. The issue of a new volume of travels, entitled "Thè Okavango River, a Narrative of Travel, Adventure, and Exploration, by Charles John Andersson," proves that he is still, fortunately, among the living; and proves, too, that the curious infatuation which has led so many African travellers back to the scene of their perils and sufferings, has beset also this hardy Swede. It seems that he returned to South Africa to become the manager of certain mines at Walfish, or Walwich (Whale) Bay, on the southeastern coast. Thence he set out one day for a journey through Damara land, to look for the Cunene river, which he did not find, but happened instead on the Okavango.

AN AFRICAN OUTFIT.

To travel in Africa one needs a number of servants, and this was Mr. Andersson's outfit and establishment:

"My servants were as follows: One cook, acting as confidential servant; one general attendant, who also superintended my native *personnel;* one wagon-driver, one leader, one guide, two herds, two interpreters, and one or two lads whose duty consisted in making themselves generally useful—that is, eleven men *in toto;* no great force certainly to enter upon the exploration of a wild and unknown region. Of all this little band of followers, John Mortar and John Pereira, the first two on my list, were the only persons on whom, in any case of emergency, I could rely. Those who have perused 'Tropical South Africa' and 'Lake Ngami,' will at once recognize in the first of these names Mr. Galton's cook, who, through a difficult and harassing expedition, proved himself so faithful and trustworthy. Mortar had, when he entered mine, just left Mr. Green's service, where he had earned for himself a similarly good character. I considered myself most fortunate in securing so tried and valuable a servant. It will be remembered that this man was a native of Madeira, and consequently well acquainted with the Portuguese language. John Pereira was of Malabar descent. He had received a most liberal, and, for his station in life, unusual education. He wrote a fair hand, spoke and wrote English, Dutch and Portuguese fluently, understood Chinese, and several Hindostanee dialects, and could translate Latin—which is more than I could do myself.

"The rest of my servants being all native attendants, and distinguished for no remarkable quality, (except Kamepjie and Tom, both remarkable 'trackers' and interpreters,) I pass them over in silence. I have only to add, that besides several other barbarous tongues, my men spoke Damara, Hottentot, Sichuana, and Portuguese,—languages most likely to come into requisition.

"The remainder of my establishment consisted of one wagon, thirty first-rate Trek oxen, five draught and carriage oxen, eleven young oxen, four donkeys, one old horse, seventy sheep and goats, chiefly for slaughter; and lastly, but not the least important, about a dozen dogs of a somewhat mongrel description, though good enough as watch-dogs, for which service they were principally required.

"The chief object of the expedition was, as already stated, to penetrate to the Cunene: and further, supposing a safe arrival on the banks of that river, to explore it either towards its source or towards its embouchure, according to the point where I might happen to strike it. Moreover, if time and means admitted, I intended thence to make an excursion to some Portuguese settlement on the west coast, such as Mossamedos, Benguela, &c.

"If I succeeded in accomplishing these purposes, the following results would be obtained, viz: the great blanks in the maps, between Damara and Ovambo Land, and in Dr. Livingstone's remarkable journey from the banks of Sesheke to St. Paul de Loando, would be filled up, whilst vast and probably rich regions would be opened to the influence of commerce and civilization."

VARIETIES OF DAMARA LIFE.

Travelling at first with some obstruction in the rainy season, Mr. Andersson reached in a fortnight the Omaruru river, seventy miles from his starting point. He had seen no game, his flock of sheep was dwindling. It was food to his party only for a hundred days, and he might be out for a year or two. After crossing the river at a pleasant spot—very unlike its desolate and rocky mouth, which when a sea fog hangs over it is like a dream of the infernal regions—there was cessation of rain; but for a hundred miles the way had to be cut step by step through bushes and trees, with stems varying from an inch to two feet in thickness. Pick and crowbar, and other road-levelling implements, had been taken as part of the tourists' regular equipment. The traveller had a rent made in his arm by the kick of an elephant rifle, and not long afterwards lost pieces of flesh from both his arms, besides getting one of his knees torn by a fall from a mass of rugged granite. But there was a wagon to mend day by day, larder to provide for, road-making to direct, and laying-up to nurse wounds was quite out of the question. In the middle of April there was a delightful change into a forest of trees without thorns, the trees being chiefly of the kind called in Damara language *omutali*, but presently the Damara parent tree, *omomborombonga*, was abundant.

ROAD-MAKING IN AFRICA.

The next difficulty met by the tourist in Africa was the being brought to a standstill under a wall-like range, nearly a thousand feet in perpendicular height, on the top whereof was the table-land, across which their way should be. After search a defile was found.

"This defile I had been unable to see before on account of intervening rocks. Well, up it we at first proceeded pretty comfortably; gradually, however, it became narrower; hundreds of little ravines intersected it in every direction,

considerably retarding our progress, and finally bringing us to a dead stop. Retreat was impossible, unless we had taken the wagon entirely to pieces—a most inconvenient and disagreeable alternative. The guide declared, again and again, that there was not any other exit. In this extremity we renewed the attempt at pushing forward, and so far, with great trouble and exertion, succeeded, that we had only about one hundred and fifty yards to get over to reach a country apparently open and less beset with difficulties. Small, however, as the distance was, it offered a most formidable resistance. On our left was a ravine fifty feet deep, whilst the rock to our right rose high, and was almost perpendicularly steep. After a hurried survey, I determined, nevertheless, to risk the passage, and at once busied myself with axe, shovel, pick and crowbar, in removing sundry stones, trees and boulders, that impeded our progress. In proportion as we succeeded in clearing a way, the driver had orders to follow cautiously with the wagon.

"Under these circumstances, having just turned a small angle of the rock which hid me from my party, I was actively working away with the crow, when there suddenly rose behind me a confused shouting, evidently meant as a check to the oxen, then a harsh grating sound, then a dead pause, then thump, thump, thump, followed by a frightful crash and a heart-piercing cry from a bevy of women who were following in our wake. The crowbar fell from my powerless hands, and I sank down on the rock, the cold drops of perspiration trickling down my cheeks, whilst I exclaimed to myself, 'Good God! there goes my wagon and some poor fellow with it.' For a second or two, not a sound being audible, I felt too agitated to move; in short, dared not proceed further for fear of seeing my worst fears realized. At last, feeling suspense more dreadful than a knowledge of the true state of affairs, and hearing the women in the rear set up a chorus of distressing lamentations, I rose and hurried to the scene of the disaster as fast as my crippled condition, (for I was still suffering from the wound in my knee,) would permit.

"Near the bottom of the ravine lay the prostrate vehicle, seemingly a heap of ruins, the oxen struggling wildly to free themselves from their uncomfortable position; and hard by, the driver, stunned and bleeding, sprawling on the ground."

However, nobody was killed, and up the other side of the ravine the whole party eventually contrived to scramble with the wagon. This was a hard day's work, and in the next day's march over the level ground, way had to be made by cutting down about one thousand five hundred trees and bushes. During a later journey through the bush of Southwest Africa, Mr. Andersson took the trouble, indeed, to enter in his journal a particular calculation.

CUTTING HIS WAY THROUGH.

"Had the curiosity to count the number of bushes, and trees, cut down in order to open out a path to a certain distance. In this calculation I invariably found in three hundred yards one hundred and seventy bushes felled; that is, about one thousand bushes a mile. I reckoned besides four stalks to each bush, a very low computation, which gave four thousand distinct branches, every stalk or branch (varying from the size of a finger to that of a man's leg,) usually requiring from three to four strokes of the axe; thus one axe must actually have descended twelve thousand times in the course of a single mile. Conceive the incredible amount of labor the passage of one such mile supposes; indeed, we are just now proceeding something short of a snail's pace. We have, however, about two hundred miles of this sort of country to traverse before we reach our journey's end; so that, in round numbers, there must be 2,400,000 strokes of one axe, or 1,200,000 to each of two axes, (the number usually employed,) delivered, and no less than 200,000 bushes and trees cut down, before we can get over this space. All this work was successfully performed."

Presently they began to suffer for want of water. After leaving the fountains of Otjidambi, the nearest water was ten days to the northward. On the first night of their journey they saw fire, not water—part of the bush in a blaze. Next day they found that the natives had been firing the grass on their route, and there was smoke and flame in all directions. At night water was found unexpectedly, and hopes were excited for the future. But after this time, want of water brought the whole trip to a painful end. The guides lost their way, the oxen had been four days without water, and to the nearest known water in advance it was estimated to be not less than a seven days' journey. The journey by this route to the Cunene was given up—it was determined to return. A few mouthfuls of the last water, held in reserve, were served out to the men, and the return journey was commenced when return seemed to be cut off by a lake of fire. Then, says the African tourist—

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

"Turning to Mortar, I exclaimed, 'Good God! our return is cut off!' I had seen many wood and grass fires, but nothing to equal this. Immediately in front of us lay stretched out like a sea a vast pasture prairie, dotted with occasional trees, bounded in the distance by groves of huge giraffe thorns—all in a blaze! Through the very midst of this lay our path. By delaying a few hours the danger would have been considerably diminished, if not altogether over, but delay in our case seemed almost more dangerous than going forward; and so on we pushed, trusting to some favorable accident to bring us through the perils we had to face. As we advanced we heard distinctly the sputtering and hissing of the inflamed grasses and brushwood, the cracking of the trees as they reluctantly yielded their massive forms to the unrelenting and all-devouring element, the screams of startled birds, and other commingling sounds of terror and devastation. There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterwards turning abruptly into a burning savannah. By the time we had reached this point the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage, into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and reeking, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent besom of hot flames which had swept over it. Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes step out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, whilst the numerous nests of the social grosbeaks—the *Textor erythrorhynchus*—in the ignited trees, looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing and splendid. It was altogether a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace, with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.

"At break of day we halted for a few minutes to breathe and to change oxen, then continued to journey on. I despatched all the loose cattle ahead, giving the men orders to return with a fresh team as soon as they had drunk, fed, and rested a little. We arrived at the vley a little before midnight on the 24th of May, but on attempting to kraal the Trek oxen, notwithstanding their fatigue, the thirsty brutes leaped over the stout and tall thorn fences as if they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okaoa fountain, which they reached the following day, having been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water!"

SUFFERING FROM THIRST.

The suffering from thirst was terrible:

"Before reaching the water the men in charge of the loose cattle had become so exhausted with long and incessant marching, suffering all the time from burning thirst, that one by one they had sunk down. The cattle, unherded, found their way to the fountain without much difficulty; but the wretched horse missed his, and kept wandering about until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. Some Ovotjimba fortunately found the brute, and reporting the discovery to their chief, he good-naturedly brought the dying beast some drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. The animal when found had been seven days without water I had no idea that a horse was capable of enduring fatigue and thirst to the extent experienced by this hack of mine.

"The poor dogs were by this time in a fearful state. What was once a clear perspicuous eye, now appeared like a mere lustrous speck under a shaggy brow. Blood flowed at times from their nostrils, and it was with difficulty they dragged along their worn and emaciated carcasses. Sometimes they tried to give vent to their great sufferings in dismal howls, half stifled in the utterance. Some of the men were nearly as much affected."

Having returned to the Omaruru, Mr. Andersson determined upon crossing over the Omuramba Ua' Matako, and on this route, game being plentiful, the narrative becomes a tale of giraffe, elephant and lion hunts. Once the hunter himself had a pack of elephants in chase of him; once he shot a fine lion as it crouched for the spring upon him. One of his native followers was brained by the tusk of a rhinosceros. Mr. Andersson was glad, in due season, to dine on lion steaks, declaring lion's flesh to be "palatable and juicy, not unlike veal, and very white." But the native African, in his character of "noble savage," is not a pleasant friend to ask to dinner.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

"The Ovambo caravan, alluded to in the preceding pages, were still sojourning in my neighborhood. At first they behaved themselves with due decorum; but, on a closer acquaintance, proved a perfect nuisance, more especially when feeding (not dining) time came. Very often on killing game I had to fight for morsels of it; nay, I was at times necessitated to threaten my black friends with the gun before I could obtain needful food. The scenes that sometimes presented themselves on these occasions were truly disgusting. To say nothing of the screams, vociferations, curses, &c., which were deafening, assegai stabs and knobkurrie blows were administered indiscriminately and remorselessly—all for the sake of a lump of meat. Just endeavor, reader, to imagine from one to two hundred starving and ferocious dogs laying hold of a carcass, each tearing away in his own particular direction, at the same time biting and snarling incessantly at his neighbor, and you will have a faint notion of the beastly scrambles I allude to. I have seen human blood flow as freely at these feeds as had that of the animal we were devouring. The sacred ties of kindred and friendship were totally lost sight of in the all-absorbing anticipation of a gorge. All the revolting qualities of man in a barbarous condition, were brought on these occasions out into startling relief. Human nature seemed lower than that of the brute creation, whilst at the same time almost diabolical."

It was upon this journey, after giving up hope of finding the Omuramba U'Ovambo, that Mr. Andersson came upon the river, hitherto unknown in Europe, which gives its name to his volume, the Okavango.

DISCOVERY OF THE OKAVANGO.

"After this little delay we again proceeded, but had not gone far before I perceived on the far-away horizon a distinct dark-blue line. 'Ah, ah!' I exclaimed to myself, 'in the valley of which that line evidently forms the border, there is surely something more than a mere periodical water-course.' A few minutes afterwards, catching a glimpse of an immense sheet of water in the distance, my anticipation was realized to the utmost. A cry of joy and satisfaction escaped me at this glorious sight. Twenty minutes more brought us to the banks of a truly noble river, at this point at least two hundred yards wide. This was, then, in all probability, the Mukuru Mukovanja of the Ovambo, which these people had given us to understand flowed westward. Taking it for granted that their statement was in this respect correct, I had stood some time by the water before I became aware of my mistake. 'By heavens!' I suddenly exclaimed, 'the water flows towards the heart of the continent, instead of emptying itself into the Atlantic!' For a moment I felt amazed at the discovery. 'East!' I continued to soliloquise, 'why what stream *can* this then be, in this latitude and longitude? Tioughe? No; that channel alone is much too insignificant to form the outlet for such a mighty flow of water. Well, then, it must be one of the chief branches of that magnificent river, the Chobe.' This was my first impression, which was to some extent corroborated by the natives, who described this river, called by the Ovaquangari, 'Okavango,' as forking off in two directions in the neighborhood of Libebé, one branch forming the said Tioughe, the other finding its way to the Chobe. But on mature consideration, I strongly question the correctness both of my own impression and of the account of the natives.

"It is true Dr. Livingstone, in one of his early maps, lays down a river as coming from Libebe's towards Sekeletu's town; and I myself, when at Lake N'gami, heard of a water communication existing between these two places. But as the Tioughe is known to send out a branch towards Chobe, considerably below Libebe, *i. e.* south of it, called Dzo, it is just possible that this is the stream alluded to by the natives. Furthermore, the country, for a great distance about Libebe, is known to abound in immense marshes; it is probable, therefore, that the Okavango, though of such large dimensions, is more or less swallowed up in these extensive swamps, leaving merely sufficient water for the formation of the Tioughe and its inundations. Unquestionably, Dr. Livingstone, if he succeeds in revisiting Sekeletu's town, will be able to settle this question."

[From the Christian Mirror, Portland, July 30, 1861.]

Annual Meeting

OF THE

MAINE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Maine Colonization Society was held at Bath on Wednesday evening, 24th inst., in the Winter street church. The introductory devotional services were performed by Rev. Messrs. J. O. Fiske and F. Butler.

In the absence of Hon. Phineas Barnes, the President of the Society, the Hon. George F. Patten of Bath, Vice President, took the chair.

The following letter from Mr. Barnes was then read by the Corresponding Secretary:

PORTLAND, July 24, 1861.

My Dear Sir:—I had confidently expected to be with you this evening, at the meeting of the State Colonization Society, but I am imperatively barred from this pleasure by severe sickness in my family.

I congratulate the Society and the generous friends of our cause in Bath, upon the opportunity of seeing and hearing so interesting a representative of Liberia as Mr. Crummell. The hope that we may be favored with a similar opportunity in Portland on his return, relieves, in part, my regret that I cannot attend your meeting.

There are some dark and mysterious clouds now resting upon the future of our cause in America, but we may thank God that Colonization, conducted by Christian philanthropy, has planted a light on the African coast, which is now shining, as I believe, more clearly than ever before, and holds out a most auspicious promise of guidance and deliverance to a race of our fellow men long unhappy and depressed.

I hope and trust, most ardently and confidently, that the principles and the developments, the seeds and the fruits of enlightened Christian civilization are firmly established in Liberia, and that intelligent and prosperous life and growth are secured for that interesting community, however difficult it may be for us to carry forward our part of the enterprise in this country. The period which has elapsed since the independent constitution of Liberia was framed and adopted, has been long enough to test the fitness of their institutions to their local circumstances, and to show the capacity of their people for effective self-government. Few, if any, of the smaller political communities in the world, have been better governed, according to their means, for ten or twelve years past, than Liberia has been, and it is impossible to question the ability of black men to organize and administer national government for all its good ends, when we know what has been done by the Presidents Roberts and Benson, and their energetic associates in the management of Liberian affairs.

They are understood to be now about embarking in new efforts for the diffusion of knowledge among their people, by the establishment of higher institutions of learning, aided by endowments from this country. They have suffered for want of teachers, and, like every other people which has ever become well taught, they are determining to raise teachers for themselves upon their own soil. I trust that our friend, the Rev. Mr. Crummell, himself an excellent specimen of a well educated man, will meet with a warm sympathy in this State, and will carry back with him to his ancestral land, abundance of good wishes, and the answer of many prayers for the success of the noble objects among his brethren to which he has devoted his life.

The problem of African civilization, the problem of the future of the black race anywhere, is precisely the same, which God in his providence, at some time or other, puts before every race of mankind. It is simply the question, whether they can and will improve themselves and sustain a career of improvement, if only they can have a fair chance to try the experiment? And therefore we may have a short answer to all persons who question the ability of the African to improve and govern himself—"Give him a reasonable chance to try!"

The just conditions of the experiment are about the same for all races, and we have reason to hope and believe that Liberia presents at this time a better field than has ever before been opened, for the struggle of the black man to work out this problem for himself. There he has secured for himself a necessary separation from other races, not only because they might be unfriendly, but because he might weaken himself by leaning on them for support. Education and the self developing influences of Protestant Christianity, are as well provided for in Liberia as in any other known community of the same growth and similar general resources. There is also the place, and there is no other like it in the world, where the black man is put straight to the work of governing himself, under a constitution of general freedom and equality of rights, and where amid such influences and such ends, he is brought under the potent influence of the idea of nationality—a prize and a blessing which he is to gain for himself, and to enjoy by himself. This idea of nationality, which has made so many kingdoms and empires and republics, of all other races, will work out an

equal wonder for the black man, whenever and wherever he is fully brought under its spell.

A nationality of free, self-governing Christian men, has never yet been attempted for the negro race, except in Liberia. The world is full of the fame of what British philanthropy has done for the blacks, but English wisdom and English benevolence have never yet given the negro an opportunity to govern himself, nor a chance to gain a name and a place among the nations of men.

Holding this judgment and this augury concerning the present and the future of Liberia, I look away, not without satisfaction, from the present difficulties of our enterprise at home, to what is now doing and what may be done upon that favored part of the African coast, and earnestly hope that nothing which may check our usual efforts here, will dampen the ardor of our best wishes for that interesting community. They have not yet wrought out all the problem to which they are set, though they are hard at work about it, and we can afford to help them, because they are doing so nobly in helping themselves.

For one, I should be quite willing that American benefactions in this cause, for some time to come, should be directly and extensively applied to the strengthening of all good institutions, and the aiding of all good endeavors in Liberia; satisfied, that by every degree, by which we make Liberia a safe and happy home for the black man, by so much shall we hasten the day when vast multitudes of the children of Africa shall press into her expanding borders, and the land once "forsaken and hated" shall become "the joy of many generations."

I am, very truly, your friend in a good cause,

Rev. John O. Fiske. P. BARNES.

Freeman Clark, Esq., then made a statement of his attendance as delegate from this auxiliary to the Parent Society at Washington in January last. Expressing his pleasure in attendance upon that meeting, and his gratification with the favorable condition and prospects of the Society.

The Corresponding Secretary, Rev. John O. Fisk, of Bath, presented the Annual Report of the Society, in his very able and instructive manner, which was ordered to be published under the direction of the Executive Committee.

Rev. Alexander Crummell, a colored missionary of the American Protestant Episcopal Church at Cape Palmas, Liberia, was then introduced to the audience. He addressed the people on the condition and prospects of Liberia, as an instrument of good to Africa, for more than an hour, in a manner that held their close and unwearied attention. He earnestly maintained that Liberia, by her civilizing and evangelizing influences, is a prominent instrumentality of Africa's redemption, and that she is eminently worthy of the sympathy and aid of all who would benefit the black man.

She has now, with an emigrant population of scarcely 15,000, a government and laws, sufficient for her protection, a commerce not to be despised. She has schools of the highest order, and the building for a College is now erected, and a board of teachers will soon be there to commence instruction. Churches and Missions of all denominations are founded, and native tribes are gradually coming under the influence of the Republic. Coffee, sugar, cotton, and various other tropical productions abound there, and the people are emulous of progress.

The introduction of recaptives is a benefit to her, and may be regarded as a favorable providence for her growth. They are easily assimilated and they soon become good citizens.

Mr. Crummell says Liberia can receive twenty thousand recaptives without detriment, provided the necessary aid is afforded from this country for their instruction in agriculture, letters and religion.

The slave trade is broken up all along the coast and within the limits of Liberia, and the peaceful arts of civilized and Christian life are pushing into the interior of long neglected Africa.

At the conclusion of the address, the Treasurer made his report, and the officers of the Society for the ensuing year were elected, of which we noted the following: Hon. Phineas Barnes, of Portland, President; Rev. John O. Fiske, of Bath, Corresponding Secretary; Freeman Clark, Esq., of Bath, Treasurer.

The thanks of the Society were presented to Mr. Crummell for his very interesting and instructive address.

The following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the present condition and prospects of Liberia afford convincing evidence that the enterprise of Colonization is conferring great benefits upon Africa and the colored man, and that passing events in this country are admonishing us that the vigorous prosecution of this work is imperatively demanded as well by true patriotism as by pure philanthropy and religion.

This anniversary will long be remembered with peculiar interest, as occurring at a most eventful time in the history of our country, in one of the most noble cities of our land, and among a people whose interest in the objects of the Society are worthy of all praise.

Yours very truly, B.

REV. MR. CRUMMELL ON THE CONGO RECAPTIVES.

The Philadelphia Ledger of September 12th contains the following letter from the Rev. Alexander Crummell, of whom our readers have derived information from our previous numbers. Mr. Crummell is familiar with Liberia, and very competent to express a judicious opinion of the probable effect of the introduction of these victims of the slave trade into Liberia. Messrs. Crummell and Blyden are now professors elect in the College of Liberia.

217 *Sullivan Street, New York City*,
5th September, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—I find in your letter a question which has already, even before leaving the coast, come to me from other correspondents in the United States—it is this, "If you take further shipments (of Congoes,) will they not seriously affect the interests of the Republic, and may they not jeopardize the very existence of the people and the government?" To this I must reply to you:—First, that the providence of God in the recaptures is one of the greatest blessings which could have been bestowed upon the Liberians, for the Liberians themselves. For it gives them, first of all, a laboring population, which is their greatest need in the cultivation of their great staple, sugar.

The neighboring nations do not supply this need, chiefly because they are more especially engaged in trade, and so well acquainted with our colonists and their habits, that they know well how to inconvenience our planters by a demand for high wages, and by irregularity in labor. The Congoes are apprenticed to our citizens; are remarkably pliant and industrious, and peculiarly proud and ambitious of being called "Americans." The result of their arrival in our borders is that already hundreds of acres are being cleared for sugar farms; and those citizens who for years have been satisfied to live in the midst of weeds, have been prompted by this auxiliary to plant extensively, and are as ambitious of wealth as any of our citizens. Second, its influence upon surrounding tribes is equally manifest. They dislike the Congoes, and as a consequence the Congoes are thrown upon us. This leads them to the adoption of American habits, and prompts us Americans to adopt measures for the thorough assimilation of these people to our habits. They go to our schools; they crowd our churches; they adopt our dress; they speak English; they are trained with our militia. I have no hesitation in saying that all our native wars are now at an end. The Congo additions to our force already staggers and confuses the natives at all our settlements. Third. So plastic is the Congo's character, that they are easily moulded into Americo-Liberians, and into their habits. In Palmas we have not seen a single relic of their heathenism. They are regular attendants at church, industrious, polite, contented. In Sinou some have already intermarried with our colonist women, and in two cases are thrifty men and members of the church. Two years ago they were naked heathens, in a slave ship. On the St. Paul's masses of them are industrious peasants.

I need not speak of the benefit to them in thus being placed in juxtaposition with civilization, under an orderly government and Christian influence.

So far, then, as *we* are concerned, I am satisfied that President Benson does not exaggerate in the declaration that we can receive 20,000 without any detriment to our own civilization. There are one or two provisos to be connected with this, namely, that our Christian societies may not be harassed by the cry from missionary societies in America, "Go preach to the heathen in the interior," when our work is in our own settlements, in our own families, among our own servants and laborers; and when our *indirect* influence upon the interior tribes will be a deal more powerful than a few feeble attempts at missionary work in the interior; and next, that the friends of Liberia sustain our efforts to increase our schools and educate the humblest of our citizens, namely, native servants and Congo recaptives. This cannot be pressed too strongly. There is a deficiency of females among the recaptures; there is an excess of females among the colonists; and just as fast as these new men are civilized they will intermarry among us. This has already, to a small extent, taken place; and the whole process shows the absolute need of an *immediate* effort for a wide diffusion of education in the Republic.

ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.

LATEST FROM LIBERIA.

President Benson writes to the Corresponding Secretary under date of

Government House,
Monrovia, *July* 29, 1861.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

By the bark *Cordelia*, Captain Roberts, which left here for the United States on the 5th inst., I wrote to you in acknowledgment of your favor of the 17th of April *via* England, with the accompanying account current between the American Colonization Society and this Government, on account of recaptured Africans. There has not much of interest occurred since. The Recaptives by the *Nightingale* have suffered from mortality to a considerable extent: not more, however, than was to be reasonably expected from the very unusually bad condition in which they arrived here, as Lieut. Guthrie, the prize officer, and the U. S. Agent here for Recaptured Africans, will abundantly testify.

I believe Lieut. Guthrie paid every possible attention to them during the passage up from Kabenda, and yet the average deaths daily, during the passage, was about fourteen. Doctors Moore, Laing and an assistant, have been in constant attendance on them, which still continues, and I spare no pains to save as many as possible.

In case the Financial Secretary of the American Colonization Society shall not have sent out any medicines to the order of, or on account of this Government, before this reaches you, I will be pleased if you will make the request of him to do so, as we are getting short of medicines, and know not when another ship-load of these miserable beings may be brought in.

I am pleased to say that notwithstanding the large accession to our population, by the importation of these Recaptives, and the fact that the usual number of American vessels bringing supplies has greatly diminished this year, (probably owing to the civil commotion in the United States,) yet we have had, and continue to have, an abundant supply of domestic provisions, (excepting meal, of which there is a deficiency;) and though, if foreign provisions were brought into this market they would sell well, yet our people can make out to live without them, should there be a cessation of their importation. We are daily expecting the arrival of the order sent by the Secretary to the Financial Secretary of the American Colonization Society for execution, for and on account of this Government, particularly in view of the arrival of the prize *Nightingale*. This Government has already expended nearly twelve thousand dollars for their support, (Nightingale recaptives,) besides claims still due and being pressed upon us on their account.

Every thing seems to be moving on harmoniously in the Republic, with but few exceptions. The Careysburg bridges are being pushed towards completion. The Recaptive Receptacle on that road will be

commenced so soon as we can learn that the Financial Secretary of the American Colonization Society has sufficient funds in hand on account of this Government to justify its commencement.

The one at Bassa is nearly completed. Your Agent at Bassa had commenced procuring materials for it before the transfer was made to this Government.

We have all felt, and continue to feel much interest in the civil commotions which have so seriously agitated your country during the present year. It is the land that gave birth to many of us, and we can but wish to see increasing prosperity attend that land and nation.

Under date of Monrovia, August 21, 1861, President BENSON writes to the same—

Every thing with us in Liberia is moving on smoothly. Our anxiety respecting the present state and what will be the *finale* of things in the United States, is most intense. A newspaper from there, as often as possible, is a great relief to us.

Our friend, Captain Armstrong, of the Sumpter, came in last evening, and leaves at noon to-day for the United States. I regret he cannot protract his stay here a couple of days, so Liberians could have an opportunity to demonstrate to him how they appreciate his efficient efforts, as well as also those of the entire squadron under the command of the noble and gallant Commodore Inman, for the suppression of the slave trade. They all leave and carry home with them the respect and gratitude of Liberians.

From the Liberia Herald.

Death of Capt. W. B. Monger.—On the 2d inst., Captain W. B. Monger, of the Government schooner Quail, was drowned in Gallinas bar, while attempting to effect a landing. Captain Monger was born in Savannah, Georgia, U. S. A., in 1832, and emigrated to Liberia in the year 1848; he entered the service of the Republic as a midshipman on board the schooner Lark; when that vessel was sent to England for repairs, in June, 1858, she was under his command, he having attained the rank of lieutenant; and on the resignation of Captain Reed Cooper last year, the command of the Quail devolved upon Mr. Monger—who, we are proud to say, has proved himself a gallant and dutiful officer.—*June 19th.*

Sugar.—In addition to the laudable efforts of our citizens in manufacturing sugar, &c., we have seen several barrels made on the farm of Messrs. Cooper and Sons, out of African material. This will save them great expense, and is another step in the way of our advancement, we having had to depend on barrels, or material for barrels, brought from abroad.—*July 3d.*

We are informed that quite a favorable beginning in planting sugar cane has been made in the farming districts of Careysburg.

The citizens of most of the settlements on the St. Paul's, and of Careysburg, are preparing to celebrate the coming 26th, and with greater zest than is witnessed in our Monrovians.—*July 3d.*

AFRICAN MISSIONS.

The Methodist Missionary Advocate for September, 1861, thus speaks of the missionary spirit of the Rev. M. B. Cox, who went in 1832 as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Liberia. Other devoted missionaries preceded and succeeded this faithful servant of God, and many of various denominations sleep on that shore, in hope of a glorious immortality. The example of Brother Cox aroused a warm spirit of missions among our Methodist brethren.

"Brother A. Cummings, of the New York World, met Brother Cox in Philadelphia, and said to him, 'Brother Cox, why will you go to Africa? Do you not know that you will die there quickly?' The divine fire flashed from the eyes of the missionary; his lips quivered, and he said: '*I know I cannot live long in Africa, but I hope to live long enough to get there; and if God please that my bones shall lie in an African grave, I shall have established such a bond between Africa and the Church at home as shall not be broken until Africa is redeemed.*' He went to Africa and died there quickly, and is there buried; and in dying he said—'*Let a thousand fall, but let not Africa be given up.*' In the missionary cemetery in Monrovia there lie by Brother Cox eleven of the thousand, and yet the children of the Church are ready to go, serve, and die there.

"The African Mission now covers the whole of the Republic of Liberia, and extends from Cape Mount on the north to Cape Palmas on the south, say six hundred miles; and from the sea on the west into the interior from ten to more than fifty miles at one point. Within its limits are 140,000 native Africans, accessible to the mission. It exists as one of our regular annual conferences, with its own missionary bishop, (Bishop Burns;) is divided into four presiding elders' districts, and each of these into circuits and stations. The best buildings in the Republic are academies built by our Missionary Society. The following is a tabular view of the mission, in which, please remember, there is not a single white person:

Summary.

Bishop Burns	1
Members of Conference and on trial	18
Local Preachers employed	8
Members in the Churches, Americo-Liberians	1,392
Probationers	89
Native members	72
Week-day schools	19
Scholars	600
Sunday-schools—number not given.	
Scholars	980
Native youth in families, on Bishop Scott's plan, for instruction in letters and in home and industrial affairs	32
Select youths educated for service in the Missions	9

Will the Church allow our missionary work in Africa to be crippled for want of funds? She will not, if she is made to see the great work clearly.

Bishop Burns writes under dates of May 8th and June 3d:

In the first he refers to the wretched condition of the recaptives of Cabenda, who were landed among them. Many of them were so exhausted as to fall in the streets on the way to the receptacle.

He refers to the great usefulness of a native girl named Jane, who acts both as interpreter and assistant teacher in the Vey tribe.

The bishop also writes most touchingly his own deep interest in the spiritual well-being of the natives. In his letter of June he refers to his encouragement with the Kroos, one of the native tribes, and among the most useful as coasters and otherwise among the shipping. One of our local preachers is residing among them.

Between twenty and thirty converts had been added to the Church at Careysburg during the month of May.

A Congo convert from among the recaptured of the Pons, (of 1845,) brought up in the family of Rev. J. W. Roberts, and now twenty-five years of age, named Daniel Bacon, has been licensed by the bishop to travel as a sort of evangelist or exhorter among the numerous recaptured Congoes in and about the Republic. The President of the Republic was giving his favor to this special effort to benefit these people.—*Miss. Ad., Sept.* 1861.

From the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions—Death of the Rev. Thomas S. Ogden, *of the Corisco Mission.*

Thomas Spenser Ogden, of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J., sailed October 6th, 1857, and arrived on the 4th of January, 1858. He suffered from repeated attacks of malignant fever. He was very earnest in his labors. On the departure of Mr. Mackay for America, he was appointed to the charge of the girls' school, and the erection of a dwelling appropriated exclusively to the institution. He also continued to teach such of the boys as the mission deemed worthy to remain.

On the first of October, on account of Mrs. Ogden's health, the mission unanimously gave him leave to return to America, yet, in view of the embarrassed state of the mission, after earnest prayer, they both decided to remain. He withdrew his request, and resumed his work, which was so far completed that he took up his residence there with the school, on the 6th of November, 1860.

The out-door work being finished, he turned his attention with diligence to the completion of the translation of Luke, hearing lessons for six hours a day from his boys, and from candidates for the sacred work, in addition to the other duties of the station. The speedy decline of his health was noticed with concern, but he was unwilling to leave Mrs. Ogden, and desired to "keep up" until she was out of danger. . . . . During Mrs. Ogden's illness, he was busy day and night ministering to her comfort. On Sunday, 28th April, he was attacked with a severe turn of the disease, which scarcely left him strength to walk. A similar attack had probably occurred, unobserved, several times before during the past month. The hemorrhage was gradually arrested, and he steadily gained, until Sabbath, May 5th; then the pulse became feebler, and though supported by the best tonics we can command, the system did not rally. On Saturday fever supervened; hope failed, and nature could hold out no longer. Gradually failing, without pain, he sank quietly, as to sleep, and ceased to breathe at the peaceful sunset of the Sabbath.

He seemed conscious of his approaching end, before any one else. He said his mind was at peace, but he thought he should never recover. Just before his death, he was asked if he found comfort in trusting in Christ, in a dying hour? He seemed surprised at the question, then replied with emphasis, "Yes, in whom else *can* we trust, but in Christ alone?"

From his first arrival in Corisco he omitted no opportunity for preaching to pass unimproved—in the churches, in the towns, by the wayside, often at Ilobi, he urged assemblies and individuals to repentance. At his death he was pastor of the church, and superintendent of the Sabbath school at Evangasimba.

To rear up an efficient native ministry, and to give to them the word of God in their own native language, were the objects which called forth his most earnest efforts. He cheerfully struggled on against a hostile climate, happy both to toil and to suffer in God's work. He continued these labors when he should have been confined to his sick-bed. He fell, as he believed, at the post of duty, with the harness on. His dying words were, "Who will go? Can you go? Who will go to preach on the mainland?" C. L. L.

Presbytery of Liberia.—The Rev. E. W. Blyden, Monrovia, represented the Presbytery of Liberia at the recent Synod of Edinburgh. He was received with marked attention, and his address to the Synod gave much satisfaction. Mr. Blyden is the principal of the Alexander High School in Monrovia.

Gaboon.—Mr. Bushnell mentions the progress of the Gospel at many places on that part of the coast.

"At Old Calabar, where I recently passed a few days with our Scotch Presbyterian brethren, I saw very encouraging evidence of advancing Christianization. They have formed a Presbytery, and have two or three churches and several native candidates for the ministry. The Corisco Presbytery have recently licensed two native preachers, and are expecting that others will, ere long, be prepared to tell the story of the Cross to their benighted countrymen. At Cameroons River, where the English Baptists who were expelled from Fernando Po are laboring, the good work is progressing; and I doubt not, through the medium of the Gaboon, Corisco, Cameroons, and Calabar Missions, the Gospel will be planted on all the coast of the Bight of Biafra, extending from Cape Lopez to the Niger, a distance of nearly four hundred miles. And from the coast, light and saving influences, mainly through native agency, will gradually extend interiorward, until the unexplored regions of Ethiopia shall become enlightened and blessed. Let not Christians be discouraged in reference to Africa's redemption, for it is certain, and perhaps nearer than they may suppose."

Mr. Bushnell expresses great concern for the welfare of his native country. He also reports the interior country east of the Gaboon as very inviting and beautiful, and hopes that in the course of the coming dry season he may be able to explore it.

The Evangelical Alliance Conference, lately sitting at Geneva, has under its consideration the question of American slavery, and it was resolved to hold a meeting of English and Americans to consult upon the form of a resolution embodying the feelings of sympathy of the Alliance towards America in the present crisis of her history—a crisis attributed entirely to the institution of slavery.

Eastern Africa.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart has lately left for the east coast, to inquire what opening there is for the establishment of missions on the track of Dr. Livingstone. He has been sent out at the cost of some gentlemen in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

By an arrival in England from the west coast of Africa, we learn that the Slave Trade was still very brisk, and in consequence legal trade dull. It was anticipated that some of the factories would have to close.

Capt. Bedingfield, of the British service, had been in active co-operation with the American squadron, and had taken two vessels fitted for slaves in the Congo river; also a Spanish schooner, the *Jacinto*.

The notorious slaver *Storm King* had come into Mango Grando with a legal cargo, (American flag and papers,) but hearing there were slaves to be had, pitched her cargo overboard, shipped a large number of slaves, and got away clear.

The British vessel of war *Falcon* took the brig *Flight*, formerly of Boston, into Sierra Leone, June 30th, with 550 slaves on board. A Spanish schooner, captured by a British steamer, was taken to the same place July 2d, when just about to embark slaves. A bark, supposed to be the *Ardennes*, of New York, was taken off the African coast by the British cruiser *Wrangler*, and brought into St. Helena, with 500 slaves on board, June 1st.

Measures against the Slave Trade.

The meeting of United States Marshals, to consider the best means of arresting and suppressing the Slave Trade, resulted in a wide diffusion of information as to the secrecy and art with which this cruel traffic is carried on from some of our great cities.

A blow has been struck at the Slave Trade by a decision of Judge Betts, in the United States District Court at New York. In the case of the bark *Sarah*, seized last April, Judge Betts condemned the vessel and cargo for being fitted out *with intention* to embark upon a slave voyage.

Now that our officials have become free from Southern influence, there is a prospect of breaking up the slave trade in New York. Judge Shipman has condemned the bark *Augusta* as a vessel fitted out for the slave trade. Heretofore officers were slow to make arrests in suspected cases, and when constrained to do so it was found that either the evidence or the property was by some process missing. More vessels have been condemned this year in this district than in any previous one.—*N. Y. paper.*

The intelligence from the Journal of Commerce mentions about 1,000 free colored emigrants as having, since January last, through Mr. Redpath, gone as emigrants to Hayti. There are many moral advantages which will turn the great numbers of our free people of color to Liberia, as the best home to be found in the world, to enlighten and elevate their race, and secure one grand inheritance for them and their posterity forever.

Approaching November Expedition.

No day should be lost in making application for a passage to Liberia in the Expedition to sail from the City of New York on the first of next month. Should the *Stevens* not return before this time, every thing will be done by the Society to afford ample and eligible accommodations to all who may wish to embark, and we suggest this New York Expedition as offering great conveniences to northern emigrants. Access is direct and easy for embarkation to emigrants from the West. The friends of our free people of color and of Liberia, will see good reason for making known this inviting opportunity to Liberia.

The Anglo-American says, that death is making havoc in the New Haven Colony, Hayti. Among names mentioned is that of Mr. John P. Anthony, formerly of Brooklyn and New Haven. It is also reported that the Rev. J. Theodore Holly lies very ill, and that Mrs. Holly has become insane.

RECEIPTS OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY,

From the 20th of August to the 20th of September, 1861.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Lancaster—Ex Governor Williams, $2, D. A. Burnside, R. Joyslin, C. B. Allen, B. F. Whidden, G. O. Rogers, Jacob Benton, G. C. West, Wm. Heywood, each $1, C. E. Allen, R. P. Kent, Wm. Holkins, W. D. Spaulding, each 50 cents, James F. Freeman, 25 cents, Others, $2.75, ... 15 00

Littleton—John Farr, Wm. Bailey, F. Hodgman, F. Tilton, J. Tilton, each $1, L. F. Ranlet, J. Kilburn, M. L. Goold, each 50 cents, Otis Batchelder, 25 cents, ... 6 75

Concord—Dr. E. Carter, through J. C. A. Wingate, M. D., ... 2 00

23 75

VERMONT.

By Rev. F. Butler—

Danville—Cong. Church and Society, $6.35, Rev. John Eastman, $5, . 11 35

Hardwick—Lewis H. Delano, Esq., . 10 00

Windsor, (additional,)—S. W. King, $2, Zimri Kimball, Zerah C. Barber, Bradford N. Barber, $1 each, 5 00

Vermont—A friend to Missions, . . 30 00

Addison County Colonization Society, A. Wilcox, Tr., ... 10 00

66 35

MASSACHUSETTS.

Newburyport—Ladies' Col. Society, by Mrs. H. Sanborn, ... 27 00

CONNECTICUT.

By Rev. J. Orcutt—

Hartford—Samuel Nott, ... 10 00

Waterbury—Miss Susan Bronson, $5, C. C. Post, L. Leavenworth, E. S. Clark, Dr. C. G. Carrington, W. R. Hitchcock, each $3, Mrs. Dr. Ives for Miss Humiston, Rev. J. M. Willey, each $2, S. J. Holmes, $1, ... 27 00

37 00

NEW YORK.

Hopewell Centre—Mrs. S. Burch, first payment on her subscription to aid in educating some native African for the ministry, ... 20 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington—Miscellaneous, . . . 250 00

OHIO.

Xenia—Annuity, Estate of John Vaneaton, by J. C. McMillan, . . . 10 00

FOR REPOSITORY.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Bradford*—B. Hoyt, in full, ... 2 50

VERMONT.—*West Milton*—A. Hunting, to Sept. '62, ... 1 00

Total Repository, ... 3 50

Donations, ... 174 13

Annuity, ... 10 00

Miscellaneous, ... 250 00

Aggregate Amount, . . $437 63